

THE
BARON

Kinkvervankotsdorsprakingatchbder.

A NEW
MUSICAL COMEDY.

As performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN THE

HAY-MARKET.

By MILES PETER ANDREWS, Esq.

LONDON:

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand,

MDCCLXXII.

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Kaiser's Court Opera

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HAY-MARKET.

By MISS PETER ANDREWS, Esq.

LONDON:

Printed for T. Cadell, in the Strand.

1794.

T O

GEORGE COLMAN, Esq.

S I R,

I TAKE the Liberty to inscribe this Dramatic Production to yourself, in Hopes it may be thought a Proof of your Judgment as well as of your Friendship. If, however, on Perusal, it should unfortunately be rejected as an Evidence of the one, your Treatment of it will incontestibly remain a Record of the other, towards

Your obliged and faithful Friend and Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

GEORGE COLMAN, Esq.

SIR,

I TAKE the Liberty to inform this Day
that in consequence of the
thought a Proof of your
your Friendship.
should unfortunately be
the case, your Treatment of it will inevitably re-
main a Record of the other, towards



Your obliged, and faithful friend and servant,

THE ATTORNEY.

mean to dispute the judgment, or oppose the
called opinion of the town:—all he ever wished
or requested was, ~~that the~~ that
their opinion might be supported by dignity and
justice.

Without entering into the reasons why a piece,
which had drawn notice of the noblest and an-
dresses in London, should be taken from the
stage, the Author desires to say a few words in
his own behalf:—The announcement of his leisure
hours was the first cause of this dramatic enter-

THE very extraordinary circumstances which
attended the hearing, or rather the not hearing of
this piece, with the subsequent contentions which
it occasioned, would seem sufficiently to call for
its publication; these circumstances, however,
the Author would certainly have forgone, ra-
ther than appear to make appeals from the deter-
mination of the Public; but having been charged
with bringing on a polite Theatre many low and
gross indecencies, many vulgar and improper
allusions, justice, and not vanity, obliges him in
some measure to rescue himself from so ungen-
tleman-like a conduct. In doing this, however,
the Author begs that it may now, as well as for-
merly, be perfectly understood, he could never
mean

mean to dispute the judgment, or oppose the decided opinion of the town;---all he ever wished or requested was, a fair and candid trial, that their opinion might be supported by dignity and justice.

Without entering into the reasons why a piece, which had drawn three of the most brilliant audiences in London, should be taken from the stage, the Author desires to say a few words in his own behalf:---The amusement of his leisure hours was the first cause of his dramatic endeavours; the indulgence of the public has alone encouraged their continuance, and has always been his best reward. The ridiculous insinuation that pecuniary advantage was the sole object of his literary pursuits, scarcely deserves the Author's serious reply; though had his situation in life made such an attention necessary, he sees no reason why it should be branded with reproach. Circumstanced as he is, he takes the liberty to contradict every assertion of the kind; nor does he think any impartial person will imagine, he could for a moment wish to impose a Drama upon the town against their consent, for the trifling consideration of a night's emolument: on the contrary he saw, or thought he saw, a great majority for two evenings in his
favour,

favour, and that majority consisting of many of the first and most respectable names in this country.

Mr. Colman, to be sure, as a Gentleman and a man of letters, knowing the difficulties which every dramatic writer is subject to, and the enemies he has to encounter, took a warm and zealous part in his support, for which he shall always think himself under great obligations: at the same time he makes no doubt, but Mr. Colman imagined himself justified in his conduct from the apparent sentiments of the audience; for though he might have felt for the Author as a friend, he never could have forgot his own situation so far, as to presume to dictate to the public entertainment in opposition to the public voice.

Thus much in justification of the repeated endeavours to have the Comedy quietly represented. That it contains not those numerous indelicacies ascribed to it, the Author hopes the perusal of his play will sufficiently prove: in contradiction even of such a design, he begs it may be remembered, that having frequently had the honour of bringing his labours before the public,

lic, which they have deigned not to disapprove, he has some reason to plead past conduct in his favour: but were he even weak and absurd enough to offend seriously in this particular, such indelicacies, he is warranted in saying, could never have escaped the discerning and judicious eye of Mr. Colman.

In a word, the Author begs again to repeat, that he does not mean to murmur at the public decree; but having been charged with intentions he is not conscious of, and having been unkindly denied a candid hearing, after he had carefully erased every passage he could conceive objectionable, he takes the opportunity, when tumult has subsided, and the voice of contention is heard no more, to leave it in the breast of every dispassionate reader to determine; whether dulness and indecency pervade his scenes throughout.

Having said thus much in apology for the present publication, it may probably be expected that the Author should enlarge a little upon the nature of the piece itself, and account for the novelty which may in some measure have contributed to hurry its fate.---Characters and situations

situations drawn from ordinary life, being in every one's view, accommodate themselves to every apprehension; but manners and customs of other times and countries are not to be governed by the standard of modern and domestic observation: it is requisite to consider how far they accord with the accounts we have of them, before we determine on their merits, and to recollect that, like strangers at our table, though they may not immediately strike the fancy, yet if received with caution and politeness, we may relish their converse as they grow familiar, and they may in the end turn out pleasant companions of our lives.

On perusing the anecdote from which this play is taken, the Author imagined the story might succeed on the stage, by the addition of some fresh personages in the Drama, and on that account he introduced the family that are not found in the Novel. To contrast the poverty and pride of the German Baron, with the vulgarity and wealth of a Dutch trader would, as it appeared to him, produce that light and shade so necessary for dramatic effect; to make the son of that Dutchman the lover and husband of Cecil was, he thought, the most forcible method

thod of exciting the Baron's contempt and indignation. If it should be objected that the language of the Hollanders is not polite, he can only answer, that he should think it incompatible with their situation; and had he given them ideas, and made them discourse like people of fashion, such a dialogue, so far from heightening the merit of the piece, would, in his opinion, totally have destroyed it. The whimsical words put into the mouths of the Dutchman and his wife, and used in some of their songs, are absolutely Dutch phrases and terminations anglicised; they are not introduced as specimens of elegant writing, but purposely to enforce the characters; and therefore ought not to be tried by the nice rules of refined criticism. The preservation of character is, in the Author's opinion, the first distinction of dramatic writing; if he is mistaken, he alone must suffer for his error: but however lightly it may rest upon gentlemen's minds to pass hasty judgments on the works of others, he hopes it will be considered how painful it is, to a person of any sensibility, to experience those marked and public censures, which, distinct from the merits or demerits of the piece, the dramatic, more than any other writer, is often doomed to bear; to
have

have his character arraigned, his private life investigated, and every sentiment of his heart traduced and vilified, when the only crime he has committed has been a laudable desire of honest fame, and an anxious wish to entertain the public, though with abilities perhaps too confined to bring those wishes to perfection.

He does not bring wealth from the dead.
 But all our nation's daughter none say well.
 A bride, by art of flattery, may be
 The ripe luxury from transient flowers free.
 In single flowers upon the virgin lawn,
 Shall beauty, youth, and virtue, certain form
 What will no future hunter court the maid?
 From that bank his daughter's dowry is paid:
 He boasts the riches flowing from his veins:
 The pride of wealth his mighty mind sustains.
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PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. PILON,

Spoken by Mr. PALMER, in the Character of a
HERALD.

BEFORE the Baron and his *suite* come forth,
Behold a Herald to proclaim his worth!
This scroll *, the register of ancient blood,
Denotes him noble, long before the flood;
The pride of wealth his mighty mind disdains,
He boasts the riches flowing from his veins;
'Tis from that bank his daughter's dow'r is paid:
What, will no fortune-hunter court the maid?
Shall beauty, penny-less, remain forlorn
In single sweets upon the virgin thorn,
Tho' ripe sixteen, from tyrant statutes free,
A bride, by act of Parliament, may be?
But ah! our Baron's daughter none may wed,
Who does not bring credentials from the dead.

Yet pride of blood is not to be confin'd,
It reigns a general passion of the mind;
Hence the broad hatchment on the walls we see,
Hence oft the Herald touches the bright fee,
T'emplaze the *brimsfont* on the *vis-a-vis*.
If any any here should need a Herald's aid,
I've coats of arms for all ranks, ready made!
A bunch of grapes the toper deep shall bear,
And in the *front* a burning *ruby* wear.
To suit the long-rob'd lawyer I decree
A double hand, in each a double fee;
Within the field, a golden fleece, confin'd
Betwixt two brambles, leaves its *wool* behind.

}

* Holds forth the Pedigree.

The

EPILOGUE

The eternal motto is, *Eternal Gain!*
 And the supporters, *Folly and Chican.*
 Should a physician's coat of arms come next on,
 Let him bear *sablers*, with a grave and sexton;
 Phials and gallipots surround the shield,
 A purse and patient couchant in the field.
 Arms for the *Prince of Quacks* are thus express:
 He bears a *Death's Head*, rampant, for his crest;
 Under the *rose*, let *Esculapius* nod!
 Whilst *Mercury*, the nimble-finger'd God,
 By subtle flame the bullion ore melts down,
 And half a guinea melts to half a crown:
 Let two gilt porters, rang'd on either side,
 Support the scutcheon with gigantic pride;
 Long mottos, charg'd with genuine classic fire,
 Bid with a *shock*---the vulgar crowd retire;
 And *thick-fallen stars* the blazing scutcheon grace,
 Worthy the *Quack*, and worthy of *King's Place!*
 In *various coats* *polygamy* might shine,
 And thus emblazon'd suit a *deep Divine*;
 A crescent moon the upper point adorns,
 In the wan splendor of increasing horns;
 Cupid *Briareus* in the center strives,
 With hundred hands to rule a hundred wives;
 Near him an *Argus*-fits, his watchful guide,
 To prove he wants a hundred eyes beside.
 Last for our bard--what coat shall I provide?
 Bards may want coats of arms, and other coats beside.
 His title to a coat 'tis you must name,
 His best supporters, if he merits fame!

EPILOGUE,

By EDWARD TOPHAM, Esq.

Spoken by Mrs. WILSON, in an old German Dress.

' NO wondering, good folks---I've done my best---
Bedizen'd a-la-German, like the rest!
Thanks to our Author and his Gothic play,
Fine havock has our wardrobe felt to-day;
Old modes new made, such flouncing and fresh facing,
Such trimming, cutting, butt'ning and tight lacing;
Great, squat, old German milleners in troops,
'Squires in trunk hose, and fat Dutch frows in hoops;
'Twere odd, indeed, if 'midst this general riot,
A female's curious temper could be quiet;
So, like our mother Eve, resolv'd to see
If some old fig-leaf garment suited me,
Up stairs I stole, without our prompter's call,
And here I am---Ruff---Fardingale and all!
Well, gentlemen, what think ye? do I strike ye?
Speak truth for once, and say you do not like me.
'Tis true no ton---no prince's stripe I boast---
Choice requisite to make a modern toast;
No Vestris blue, to tempt one spark to marriage,
No brimstone, I confess it, in my carriage;
But a plain, simple, strange, old-fashion'd creature,
Without e'en art enough to banish nature.
Yet still from this odd dress some uses flow,
Arm'd cap-a-peé one dares to meet a beau;
This frizzled ruff, methinks, looks like resistance,
And whalebone petticoats say---"keep your distance!"
"Psha! cries my Lord,---now pox---it is one's duty
"To lop off all incumbrances from beauty;
"Nature I love most liberally display'd,
"Charms without veil, and lawns without a shade;

"Give

THE PILLOW OF GUERARD

" Give me the fair who laughs at ogling, fighting,
" Drills you recruits, hunts fox-hounds, and shoots flying,
" Tow'rs o'er her sex, a coachman in---a wig,
" And drives in hand---fix ponies, and---a gig."
If this is *not*---I easily foresee
The judgment that awaits my dress and me:
I own bad *habits* should be laid aside---
And *this* remov'd---your censures should subside,
One serious truth, and one is not too hard---
I bring, ye fair, commission'd from our bard:
He bids me say---that howso'er we boast
" To drive, hunt, shoot, talk loud, and be a toast;
" To win by gentler manners should be ours,
" To soothe the troubles of domestic hours;
" And say those manly ladies what they will,
" Our surest maxim is---be women still."

WOMEN

Mr. Vane
Mr. Bodd
Cecil
Grover

SCENE, THE DRAWING ROOM

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Baron,	-	Mr. DIGGES.
Hogrestan,	-	Mr. PALMER.
Pangloss,	-	Mr. EDWIN.
Mynheer Van Boterham,	-	Mr. WILSON.
German Doctor,	-	Mr. BADDELEY.
Franzel,	-	Mr. WOOD.
Rubrick,	-	Mr. R. PALMER.
Dagran,	-	Mr. WEWITZER.
Serjeant,	-	Mr. STANTON.
Recruits.		
Mob.		

WOMEN.

Mefrow Van Boterham,	-	Mrs. WEBB.
Cecil,	-	Miss HARPER.
Grootrump,	-	Mrs. EDWIN.

SCENE, *The Baron's Castle.*

THE

B A R R O N

Kinkvervankotfsdorfsprakingatchdern.

ACT I.

The SCENE represents a great Square in Gottingen, on one Side a Mountebank's Stage with a Mob standing round it; on the other, People with Stalls, Barrows, &c.; a Recruiting Party is heard advancing, who after a Symphony come on, singing and marching to quick Time.

CHORUS.

LET's be jolly,

'Tis a folly

Ever to be melancholy:

Hither, my heroes, come, come, come,

Move to the sound of the drum, drum, drum.

B

SOLO,

SOLO, by the SERJEANT.

*If by niggard fortune bounded,
If by scolding wives confounded,
Or by squalling brats surrounded,
To the drum, to the drum
Quickly come, quickly come.*

II.

*If that one love can't content ye,
And you wish for wives in plenty,
Follow me, I'll find you twenty:
To the drum, to the drum
Quickly come, quickly come.*

(Retires among the crowd.)

Doctor. (from the Stage) Here, mine dere boys, and my merry meysies, listen to me; here is de small pill to cure de great ill—he! he! he!--bon!--look at dis little sweet box of salve; ver good to put out de film in de eye, and de chalkstone in de toe. Here is de cataplasm for de head-ach, and de sprain'd ancle; dis is de pill for de lady who make de slip to take away de tumor, and de swell—but here is de famous electaire, which I always give to mine fair countrywoman for noting at all, except pay for de box. De groote specific for de younk lady in lof who has lost her heart, so dat it shall appear de same as before, and fit for de closest inspection.

Serjeant (advancing). Now, my bloods of steel, now is the time to serve the Emperor, and fight like fury! All Europe is flying to arms, the Dutch and all; so you are sure of plunder wherever you go. Why then stay

stay here, living among mechanics at home, when you may die like gentlemen in the field of honour?

Doct. Die! don't be afraid of dat, mine friends; you cannot die while I can cure: here is de restorative for de cannon-ball: dis give de new leg, and de new eye.

Serj. Well done, Doctor; give a new heart too to them that want it.

Doct. Fight away, mine boys! get wound, get sore, loose blood, loose head, no matter, I shall find you another. He! he! he!—bon!

Enter Franzel, in Regimentals.

Franz. How fare you, Serjeant? you seem in good spirits.

Serj. Yes, your honour, I am laughing at the Doctor; he does all he can to help the service—I suppose he looks upon every raw recruit as a fresh patient; and I dare say, between us both we shall do the business of half Gottingen.

Franz. Well, Serjeant, they want you now at the Eagle, so I'll dismiss you for the present—*(whispers bim.)*

Serj. Come along, my lads—*Let's be jolly, &c.*
[Exeunt singing.]

Enter Rubrick—advancing, sees Franzel.

Do my eyes deceive me? What, my old friend and schoolfellow, Franzel Boterham!

Franz. The same, my dear Rubrick, and as much your's as ever.

Rub. But who would have thought of seeing you with

with a sife and recruiting serjeant at your heels, in this seat of learning, this repository of books, cobwebs and short cassocks, this scene of dulness, where we Germans acquire a double portion of stupidity?

Franz. Why it may appear odd—but my reasons, to reason logically, are twofold—the first, because my party are ordered into this part of the country; the next, because I expect my worthy father here every moment; and I, like a dutiful son and an obedient officer, am come hither to perform two obligations at once.

Rub. And, pray what can have induced your worthy father, as you call him, to leave Holland and visit Gottingen? Formerly, I recollect he used to be a little more attentive to the main chance.

Fran. The very reason that brings him hither, for you must know, that said attention has made him attach himself to a small territory in this neighbourhood; and he is coming to see that it is not run away from him.

Rub. Explain yourself.

Fran. Why then in two words, my careful father has a mortgage upon a castle which belongs to Baron Kinkver—damn his long name! I can never pronounce it; but it contains about fifteen syllables, and he lives within a league of this place.

Rub. Yes, yes, I know him—tho' I believe you'll find his name and his pedigree longer than his rent-roll.

Franz. I suppose so, and the Family Tree the only one upon the estate. But, *apropos*, as I am going to be introduced, pray inform me what the household consists of.

Rub. That is more than I am able to do; but there's
the

the Baron's physician, who seems to have finish'd his morning's practice, he will, I dare say, give you all the information you want.

(The Doctor having put up his Apparatus, leaves his Stage, and comes forward.)

Franz. *(to the Doctor)* Doctor, permit me to return you thanks for the assistance you gave my party just now.

Doct. Monsieur Officier—I was assist mine self, to encourage de wounds, is to have an opportunite to shew a mine skill in de cure of dem; he! he! he!—bon!

Rub. Very good, Doctor; your advertisements here leave us no room to doubt of your abilities.

Doct. I cure all de evils, except one—de want of money. He! he! he!—bon!

Franz. Aye, that's a case, I take it, which is not so easily remedied—but your great practice must exempt you from any such disorder.

Rub. Yes, the Doctor attends all the first families in the country, as soon as he has dispatched the poor people in town.

Doct. Ver true; but de groot families are sometimes trouble vid dat maladie—de weak purse. He! he! he!—bon!

Franz. He! he! he! I think that is not bon! But the great Baron who resides here hard by—

Doct. Oh dat be de infirmity dere too—but I have de great discretion: I make no discoverie! every body re'y upon me.

Rub. I don't doubt it.

Doct.

Doct. Mynheer de Baron, he say to me, Docteur, I trust you wid de secrets of my familie, because I see you have de discretion: you know I have von handsome daughter—I want to keep dat conceal from all de world, but you have ver good understand, Mr. Doctor; and upon my vord de Baron be a ver discerning man.

Rub. The Baron does you no more than justice.

Doct. Den dere be Captain Hogrestan, groot friend of de Baron; he desire me to make his address to de younk lady: I promise him I would: so I say nothing; for I make no discoverie! but I believe she have no groot passion for Monsieur Hogrestan. He! he! he!—bon!

Rub. Probably he may be too old for her.

Doct. Dat is no mine business; he be doubtless a good deal age, but I no mention it—I say to him, Captain Hogrestan, you was little old, and von little ugly; but vat den! you keep your own counsel, nobody know it. He! he! he!—bon!

Franz. Very good advice, I hope he profited by it.

Doct. No, he was fancy himself agreeable, he be ver antient familie; de Baron love dat more dan any thing—but I make no discoverie!—I tell Monsieur Hogrestan it won't do—de younk frow has no vertu, she no like antiques.

Franz. And pray, Doctor, what says the Baron to this?

Doct. Oh, I have de respect for de Baron, so I keep my own counsel—but he be der duiyel attach to de honneur of his familie; he has all deir picture, which cover de whole chateau from top to bottom; 'tis all von grand portrait of his ancesseurs!—and den he is ver obstinate; Monsieur le Baron he command every ting just

A COMEDY.

7

as he please! Dere is de Chaplain and minself never speak von word——dat is in his presence.

Franz. Then you are undoubtedly right to take that liberty behind his back.

Dott. Excuse, excuse—I am ver cautious in dat article, and lof discretion! But, gentlemen, I must wish you good morning; I am much presse' great many families to visit! de grand seigneurs wid de little ill—but I make no discoverie! Gentlemen, your most obedient! I am in great hurry! Gentlemen, I am your ver humble servant! Oh I am so press, I cure every ill but de weak purse! He! he! he!—bon! [Exit.

Rub. (laughing) Ha! ha! ha! well done, Dr. Discretion! You see, my dear friend, he has given you much better information than I could do.

Franz. Yes, and I am happy to find the castle affords modern as well as antient family pictures to amuse one.

S O N G.

Give me the melting eye that speaks

The softness of the heart,

The youthful glow, the blushing cheeks,

The bloom that baffles art.

The mind by time not render'd bard

Ere fashion's stains appear,

That with the smile of fond regard

Can blend the feeling tear.

Give me, &c.

SCENE

SCENE, *An Antichamber.*

The Baron's Castle discovered; servants entering with scrubbing-brushes, brooms, &c.

Groot. Lord, Dagrán, how tired I am!

Dag. Why to be sure, Mrs. Grootrump, these cursed old apartmenes do take a consumed deal of cleaning.

Groot. Yes, and we are to do all the business by ourselves;—I am sure you and I work from morning till night, and from night till morning again; but 'tis all labour in vain, I see!

Dag. I am sorry for it! but these devilish long galleries (with the wind coming in at one end, the rain at another, and the dust on all sides) would conquer the patience of Job.

Groot. Aye; and when I have done here, then am I forced to trundle down into the kitchen; serve up breakfast; cook the dinner; wash the dishes, and scrape enough out of them to make supper; besides dressing our young lady in the morning; writing out the accounts at noon; and tucking up the old Baron at night! Oh! I can never hold it long! If it was not for the comfort you give me, I should be found some morning lifeless in my bed.

Dag. Come, come, Grootrump, am not I as hard ridden as you are?

Groot. No, no! not altogether.

Dag. Don't I assist in cleaning the castle? Don't I sweep the stable, take care of the horses, feed the hogs, dig in the garden, and say amen to the curate; besides

besides waiting on my master Hogrestan, who's the very devil himself for tiring a person.

Groot. Aye! what with his long account of storms and breaches—

Dag. Aye, but we have met with some disasters, as I can safely say, who have gone through the same duty with him.—A great many rubs (*rubbing with the brush*) a great many rubs, that's certain! and then to get no higher than a Lieutenant at the age of fifty; sad promotion!

Groot. Yes, but he hopes to get a better promotion now; for he seems to have fixed an eye on our young lady, in an honourable way; and a shameful thing it is at his time of life, I can tell him.

Dag. Very true—and then so humble, and so distant, that he'll never come to the point.

Groot. Well, give me an active man for my money, (*pushing the chair forward.*) None of your shrivell'd decay'd old gentlemen, that make love without knowing how.

Enter Hogrestan, with a Stick and long Pipe; takes two or three Strides about the Stage, without noticing them.

Dag. None of your tall, aukward, forlorn figures, that stride about a place like a ghost! that one scarce knows when they're present or not.—Always thinking of something else, poring and puffing.

Groot. (*Leaning over the chair*) No, nobody minds such fussy people—

Dag. (*Over another chair opposite*) No, no, nobody cares for them, more than an old—

C

[Hogrestan

[Hogrestan comes betwixt 'em, and drops his Stick, as if absent, with great force, and they start.]

Hog. —Jack boot! they could not mean it!

Groot. (In a fright) Lord bless us! I hope he has not over-heard us!

Dag. O don't be alarmed, he thinks too much to hear any thing.

Groot. Then I'll take care not to give him another opportunity. [Exit running.]

Hog. Why, Dagrán, do'st thou recollect my old regimental boots, that hung across the Baron's great aunt, in the gallery? those that I wore at my first campaign?

Dag. To be sure, your honour—I shall never forget them! They came up (if I recollect) to your Honour's hips, and as roomy as the boot of a stage coach.

Hog. Then thou rememberest when Count Grunderditch and Baron Filchenberg gave me a most mortal affront by putting a leg of mutton, and other provision, taken on our march, unperceiv'd by me, into the top of them, and when I paraded into the next quarters, they tumbled out, to the confusion of the whole corps.

Dag. And how I said upon the occasion, that such a gallant gentleman as Lieutenant Hogrestan—such a wonderful officer—

Hog. Yes, who had seen service—

Dag. Such a strict disciplinarian, says I—attach'd to flogging from his infancy—

Hog. Aye, from theory—

Dag:

Dag. Yes, and from practice—knows all the perfections of a soldier; so upright, and so unforgiving! so clean and so poor; such a length of time in the service, and no promotion!

Hog. Very true, Dagrán.

Dag. O, says I, it's a mortal shame! a leg of mutton in a soldier's boots! I am sick at the thought!

Hog. I am obliged to thee—thou hast long been a faithful servant to me, and interests thyself in all my distresses; so come hither! I have something to impart to thee of great consequence; see that the door is fastened.

Dag. Ay, your honour, the door is fast enough—but here are such a damn'd number of chinks and cran-nies in this old mansion, that there is no certainty of not being overheard at any time—it is a rare piece of antiquity—this castle, that's the truth on't.

Hog. What think'st thou then of my becoming master of it?

Dag. What, by storm, your honour? Yes, we could soon—

Hog. No!—

Dag. By sap—I remember—

Hog. No, good Dagrán, I mean by marriage; thy poor head is always running upon fortifications, breast-works, horn-works, and—

Dag. Ay, your honour, it's all the same thing.

Hog. I hope not. Thy ignorance, good Dagrán, saves thee from all intention of offence—however, I must inform thee, that there are great difficulties to struggle with.

Dag. So much the better for your honour's courage.

Hog. But then, Dagrán, think how heavily it would fit upon a gentleman, whom fortune has long borne hard upon to be thus crossed in his affections at fifty years of age, in his first passion, the very infancy of his love, the very dawn of his regard—

Dag. The second childhood, your honour would say.

Hog. I would not say any such thing! but consider how difficult it is to attack with vigour, and yet win with gentleness; to open one's trenches, and not discover one's weakness!

Dag. Lord, your honour, don't mind; you'll discover nothing.

Hog. Honest Dagrán, thy zeal overpowers thee! thou forgettest that ugly wound I received in my last campaign.

Dag. The enemy will think it an honourable mark.

Hog. Sure thou dost not remember that—

Dag. We must then give up the point.

Hog. (*Shaking the ashes from his pipe*) I have nothing left to console me.

Dag. Your honour's pipe is out.

Hog. (*looking at his pipe in a melancholy posture*)—
Not a spark remaining.

Dag. Then it had better be laid aside.

Hog. And yet to fly from one's standard—

Dag. What signifies, if we cannot support it?

Hog. An old soldier, and yield!

Dag. (*taking fire*) Zounds! your honour we'll not run!

Hog.

Hog. It would be a shame to desert the field of honour.

Dag. We'll die in the bed of it, that we will.

Hog. Thou revivest me, good Dagran; we'll rally our forces; they shall yet see I can do something.

Dag. A great deal.

Hog. If we could but

Dag. Once gain a little advantage, and we may do what we please.

Hog. I don't know that.

Dag. Lord, your honour, there's the enemy reconnoitering us in yonder gallery; therefore, your honour, pluck up a good heart; the first stroke is half the battle!

Hog. Stand to your arms then.

Dag. Ready.

Hog. To the right about.

Dag. March!

Hog. (marching out) I'll attack with the van-guard!

Dag. And I'll assist your honour in the rear.

SCENE, *An old Library.*

The Baron and Curate discovered at Cards.

Bar. Let me see, Curate; ay, hearts must be trumps, I say.

Curate. Umph! I suppose I have not one; but it's all for the best.

Bar. Have you the deuce? If not, I'm all fours.

Cur. I told you I had not one—I dare say you took care of that.

Bar.

Bar. To be sure, when Emperors condescend to play—

Cur. I know that well enough; but we have nothing to play for—so it's all for the best.

Bar. Come, don't mutter! but deal; if you turn up Jack, you must deal again.

Cur. Ah, very well, I must submit—(*deals*)—Well, Baron, I have highest in every suit.

Baron. (*rising*) Hah! I won't play any more.

Cur. (*rising and laughing*) He! he! he!

Bar. What's that you are laughing at? have not I repeatedly commanded you never to laugh, except when I tell a story, or say one of my comical things?

Cur. He! he! he! I thought that was a comical thing. He! he! he!

Bar. Sometimes you are a good sensible fellow enough, and if you were a little more active about the house, and knew something of gardening, and breaking horses, and could kill a pig, you would make a good tolerable kind of chaplain.

Cur. Umph! I am sure I do as much as most chaplains; I neglect all the parish duties to perform your's.

Bar. Come, don't look surly. Fetch me a chair. You seem out of humour—sing me a song.

Cur. A song! I'm quite out of voice.

Bar. Sing!—Come, give me the old family canticle that my grandfather made when he presented his spouse with a new pair of garters, with two bleeding hearts upon the top of them, and the edges stitch'd with silver: I think I see them before me! my great ancestor gallantly putting them on at this instant!

Cur. Lord, Baron, it's so long a story, and so long ago, that I have almost forgot it.

Bar. How!

Cur. But I'll give you a little of my own nonsense; he! he! I always think that best.

Bar. Your own nonsense, puppy! tho' if it's your own, I make no doubt of its absurdity, and any thing will do to amuse one; but mind, none of your capering about, and making odd faces, but sing in a grave, gentleman-like stile, as you ought to do.

Cur. Very well, I'll be as grave as I can.

S O N G.

*In days of yore, as I've been told,
With a humdrum woundy length of line-o;
There liv'd a Baron bluff and bold,
With a strum-strum very little coin-o;
Means, I grant ye,
Rather scanty,
But great store of line-o;
Strim-stram, pamma diddle, lara bana, ring tang,
ring tang, very little coin-o.*

II.

*A chaplain too he had, d' ye see
With a stomach always glad to dine-o;
And a merry wag, they say, was he,
With a likewise very little coin-o:
Always willing,
Fond of filling,
With good store of wine-o;
Strim-stram, pamma diddle, &c.*

III. The

The Baron was great, and fond of state,

None could his equal be;

He led his folks about,

Both within and without,

And together they made up three.

The chaplain was ever most wonderful clever,

Many rare jokes he made,

He often wish'd to speak,

Tho' not suffer'd once a week,

So he sung what could not be said.

IV.

The Baron, it seems, was sometimes pleas'd

With his pictures all so old and fine-o;

The chaplain, I hear, was sometimes tear'd,

But never was allow'd to repine-o;

Constant duty,

Little booty,

Were his lot but mine-o!

Strim-fram, pamna diddle, lara bona, ring tang,

ring tang, oh! it is divine-o!

Bar. (interrupting) Hold, hold; what, will you never have done with your stupidity?

Cur. Why it runs so glib, I could go on for ever.

Bar. Then I say, let me never hear it again—if you do! you understand me?

Cur. Upon my word, Baron, I can't say I do.

Bar. Why you lump of obscurity! I hope you don't mean to insinuate that I am not as clear as the day?

Cur.

Cur. Why, Baron, you grow worse—but it's all for the best.

Bar. Don't answer me, I say! I tell you that you are an ungrateful fellow! Don't I keep you like a gentleman out of charity? don't I behave to you like a friend? treat you with respect, and only desire you to do the little offices in the Castle?

Cur. Well, Baron, and don't I do them all?

Bar. Why, firrah, don't I treat you in the gentlest, and most polite manner? and don't I know that you were taken from a dunghill? and don't I know I am the first plant in the world? and don't I know that I never mention all this?

Cur. I see you never do.

Bar. And how durst you say that—heh! what was it that you said?

Cur. Indeed, Baron, I have forgotten.

Bar. There again! have not I told you a thousand times never to forget any thing?

Enter Grootrump with a Letter.

Groot. Lord! here's such a rumpus! and such a knocking at the gate, that one's obliged to go and see who it is!—Sir, there's a Dutchman, with a dozen pair of trowsers on, has brought this letter.

Bar. Letter! let's look at it! I hope there's no postage! umph!—What's this?—*(Reads)*—

“ Mynheer Baron,

“ At sight, please to receive this my first letter of advice—Mefrow and I, set out in the trekskuyt from Amsterdam last Saturday, both in good order and well conditioned, for your Castle, where we hope to

D

“ arrive.

“ arrive on Wednesday ; ” — Why zounds that’s to-day !
 “ Shall come by way of Gottingen, to dispose of a
 “ cargo of tobacco, and call for my son ; shall be hap-
 “ py to find you well, if ’tis only to receive the in-
 “ terest due on the little mortgage I have of your’s—
 “ so God send us to our desired port in safety.

Exchange $\frac{1}{4}$

Peter Jan Van Boterham.”

Agio $2\frac{1}{4}$

Here’s a fellow with his Exchange, and his Agio ! bringing all his family to my house, to demand money ; little mortgage, does he call it ? Why half my estate is his, and the whole may be shortly for what I know.—The venerable Castle, magnificent furniture, valuable pictures, statues ! and all ! — he once promised to assist me ; but what are treaties to Dutch traders ? however we’ll make the best on’t—Come, Grootrump, we are going to have company, and must keep up appearances, so stir your stumps.

Groot. Lord, Sir, there’s no stirring any thing without money.

Bar. Psha—see that we are well provided.

Groot. Yes, Sir, provided we pay for it ; but the butcher says he’ll trust our house no longer.

Bar. What, does he say any thing against the credit of my family ?

Groot. No, he says there has been too much credit in your family.

Bar. A scoundrel ! but I’ll punish him—I’ll pay him off, and discharge him.

Cur. No, no, you had better employ him again, and not pay him off at all—that’s the best way, and the cheapest, Baron.

Bar.

Bar. Don't you pretend to give your advice. Go, Grootrump, make a small fire in the great gallery, and uncover the family pictures, particularly those by my father's side.

Grootrump. Yes, sir.

Bar. And order the stable-door to be lock'd, and the key to be lost.

Groot. Yes, sir: lost or found, I'm sure it's not of much consequence, for every thing is gone to rack and manger.

Bar. And do you, Curate, be a little more active, and step down into the yard, and kill a couple of geese; but take care to save the giblets, and all the odds and ends, because perhaps you may have a finger in the pye afterwards.

Cur. A finger in the pye afterwards! but I shall probably have a hand in it before; so it's all for the best. (*Going.*)

Bar. Do you hear? step into the wardrobe, and brush the rich fashionable waistcoat that my old uncle used to wear; but take care and don't hurt the embroidery.

Cur. Very well, I am sure I can't hurt the fashion.

Bar. And then, do you hear, sir? put the family wig into pipes. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE continues.

Enter Cecil, with a Spanish Guitar in her Hand, Hogrestan following.---Dagran after.

Cec. Lord, Signior Hogrestan, don't disturb my singing; I will finish my song, I am resolved.

Hog. Fairest creature, pursue your entertainment—far be it from the respectful Hogrestan, to give the smallest possible interruption to your wishes; but if the utmost deference, the most profound respect—the—

Dag. Sir, Sir!—that will never do—make a close attack.

Hog. I am going—I say young lady, if the most distant—

Cec. (*archly*) Well, well, keep your distance—I don't want you to say any thing, listen to my shepherdeſs.

SONG.

And do you think he tells me true,

And are you sure 'tis so?

For if that's all he means to do,

Why don't he let me go?

But there's no saying what it is,

There's no one can guess;

Why that which causes most our bliss,

Is what we least confess.

Hog. I could hear you for ever! that enchanting voice—

Dag. Yes, Sir, but let her hear a little more of your's.

Hog. I will, I will—don't be too warm!

Dag. Don't you be too cold, your Honour.

Cec. Do but look, Signior Hogrestan! how this ugly guitar has hurt my finger.

Hog. (*pressing her finger*) O that sweet fair finger!

Cec.

A COMEDY.

27

Cec. Signior, Signior! you hurt me ten times worse.

Hog. Oh! such a delightful—Dagran, I feel I am in love—

Dag. I thought your Honour look'd queerly; but attack her now while your spirits are up.

Hog. I beg pardon for the seeming impetuosity of my manner—but have you never perceived—

Cec. What, Signior?

Hog. (to Dagran) What shall I say, Dagran?

Dag. Tell her, you mean her love, at once, Sir.

Hog. I say, fair maiden, you cannot, I flatter myself, be ignorant with how ardent, how tormenting—

Cec. Bless me, Signior Hogrestan, what's the matter with you? (*sings*).

Hog. How long I have suffered!—

Dag. Yes, ma'am, a most unfortunate wound—

Hog. S'blood, you'll spoil all! (*Cecil sings*)—I say, sweet lively creature, that I hope—the Baron will sometime hence be brought to—that is, I flatter myself your father will not be against giving his—

Baron. (within) Daughter, Daughter!

Dag. Daughter! there's the whole murder out at once.

Enter Baron and Curate.

Bar. Why, daughter, where are you?

Cec. Here, Sir, at your service.

Bar. Zounds, child! the whole chamber of Amsterdam are coming to visit us! We must see that the honours of my family are properly supported.

Cur. Ay, Miss, we must all help to support them.

Bar. Don't you speak, but when you are spoken to, Mr. Curate! I say, child, I expect Mynheer Boterham and his wife here immediately, so you must employ all your attention to entertain 'em.

Cec. Lord, Sir, how can I entertain them?

Hog. (to *Dagran*) I fear our enterprize will be impeded.

Bar. And they are bringing their son too—a young harum-scarum officer—what shall we do with him?

Cec. (eagerly) A young officer, papa!—You may depend upon my doing every thing in my power to receive them properly. (*Baron and Curate retire*) I'll go put on my laylock gown, and look out my new flowers.

[*Exit running.*]

Hog. (melancholy) Then are our flowers withered.

Dag. And nothing but weeds remaining.

Hog. (stalking out) I shall have no opportunity of attacking in the van.

Dag. (stalking after.) Nor I of assisting your honour in the rear.

Bar. (advancing with *Curate*) It's no such thing, Curate! my uncle's fashionable waistcoat was perfectly entire the last time I wore it; which, I think, was upon my going to visit Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, after the battle of Minden.

Cur. Indeed, Baron, you mistake; I remember the rats devour'd the right flap at the same time as they eat up the nosegay, and tore off the hair from your mother's first cousin, who had accidentally fallen upon her

her face, from the hook in the wardrobe, where she was hung up because you were ashamed of her.

Bar. What! any of my family, and I ashamed of them?

Cur. Why, Baron, you know she had, in her life time, married a man for love.

Bar. Love! don't talk nonsense to me---have you the confidence to say---

Cur. Yes, if it was the last word I had to say.

DIALOGUE DUETT.

Cur. *I well recollect the fact,
The waistcoat tore, the flap devour'd;
We caught them just in the act,
Your couz. deflower'd.*

Bar. *I tell you, you lie!*

Cur. *'Tis true, tho' I die!*

Bar. *Then which now must yield the point, say
you or I?*

Cur. *I well recollect the fact, &c.*

Bar. *How dare you presume to say,
That vermin look for such a treat?*

Cur. *Alas! Sir, 'twas maigre day,
They'd nought else to eat.*

Bar.

THE BARON:

Bar. *I'll have your hide so dress'd,*

Cur. *It is all for the best.*

Bar. *You're a fool, and an ass, and a knave.*

Cur. *I am a tool, and a dog, and a slave.*

Bar. *How dare you presume to say, &c.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

*Enter the Baron, meeting Mynheer Boterham. Mefrow
Boterham, Franzel. Husband and Wife fantastically
dressed in Dutch travelling dresses.*

Boterham.

WELL, Baron, you see that I and my frow are come as far as from Amsterdam to see you, and to meet my Son, and to pay our compliments, and to look after our money, as our Burgo-Master says.

Mef. Yaw, yaw; we have done all this out of pure kindness to you, Baron, and to have an eye to our property—as Hubby has told you.

Bar. You are too good, Mynheer Boterham.—I hope you and your wife, and your son, will find no reason to repent of your journey.

Fran. That is impossible, Monsieur le Baron.—A reception so polite—A family so old and so respectable—

Bot. 'Pshaw! things are not the better for being old, except indeed it may be cheese, and old hock, and old ling, and such like; “as little *Fischin* the anchovy merchant used to say.”

Mef. (*fussaking about*) Here's your castle indeed, Baron, seems a little ancient or so. Look Deartchee; (*to her husband*) why don't he take down one part and repair the other with the materials? ha! ha!

E

Bot.

Bot. Very true, Mefrow ! Baron, my wife there's a damn'd polite sensible woman, and never laughs, but when she says something good—let me tell you; Baron, she understands what's what !

Bar. O I have not the least doubt of it ! but you will please to recollect, Mynheer, that tho' my castle may be out of repair ; yet the antiquity of my family—

Mef. (*coming forward*) Won't build it up again, he ! he ! he ! (*laughing.*)

Bot. Did not I tell you, Baron, my wife was a damn'd sensible woman ?

Fran. But, Sir, allow me to say——

Bot. You say ?—I don't mind any thing that officers say, because you see they affect to be so polite, and all that—they don't quite stick to—you understand me ?

Fran. I hope, Sir, that truth is not inconsistent with good breeding ?

Bot. Good breeding !—It was your mother that made you a soldier ; if I had had my will, you should have borne no other arms than I have done all my life ; but she could never be satisfied—you understand me, Baron ?

Bar. Upon my word, Mynheer, not altogether, but give me leave to say, that in cases of marriage, a great family——

Mef. (*interrupting*) Oh ! yes, follows of course : my father (who was a cheese-monger at Leyden) had nineteen children in the first twenty years of his marriage.

Bar. But, Madam, I am speaking of my ancestors ; a long train of ancestry, Madam, is——

Bot. As great an incumbrance as a train of artillery, as my uncle used to say, who drove it in the last war.

Bar.

Bar. Zounds, Mynheer Boterham, what comparisons you are making! Can you possibly forget that the length of my name, the length of my pedigree, the dignity of my family, with an hundred and forty two quarterings in their arms, and a genealogical account for five thousand years back, reflect the highest honour! And if I had only been fortunate enough to have had a son—

Mef. A son, Baron? Zooterkins, where's your daughter? I thought I had not seen every thing—I must go and find Cecil—come along, son—I love to see all and about!—dag!—Baron!—bye Hubb.—Come along son, you shall see all and about too.

Fran. I shall be glad to see the young lady to be sure.
(Exit Mefrow and Franz.)

Bar. *(After they are gone)* Pray, Mynheer Boterham, did you observe on your entrance into the Great Hall, the portrait of a beautiful old lady with a distaff in one hand, and a nosegay in the other?

Bot. *(Musing to himself)* Returns of damaged cheese—discount two and a half per cent.—

Bar. I say, Mynheer, the lady you were admiring was my grandfather's great aunt.—A notable woman in her time, as the distaff discovers, and fond of the country as is shewn by the nosegay.

Bot. *(Still musing)* Jews—paper currency—English funds.—

Bar. Pray, Mynheer, who may you take that proper gentleman-like figure to be?

Bot. *(Still the same)* Hope at Amsterdam.

Bar. Hope at Amsterdam! Zounds! no such thing! the honour and dignity, and, the---the---of my family

compared to a Dutch banker! Why what the devil are you thinking of, Mynheer Boterham?

Bot. Thinking of! why the little sum I have in your hands—I wish you could be compared to a Dutch banker. I shou'd be glad, if it was convenient—

Bar. True, Mynheer, you Hollanders give such a good colour to things—

Bot. But, Baron—I say, that—

Bar. Yes, there are certainly a great many fine paintings in Holland—but in general, give me leave to say—

Bot. But I say, Baron, we are wandering from the subject—

Bar. The subjects, as you observe, are too much the same—but then a Dutch landscape is rather uniform.

Bot. Donder and blixim!—Baron, what are you thinking of? I know nothing of landscapes.—I am talking of land itself. Of that mortgage—

Bar. Aye, Mynheer Boterham, the only security now a-days; these quarrels of your's with England will never do; no, no, give me a snug mortgage.

Bot. And give me my money, Baron, why don't you know that I can make seven and a-half per cent. in the English funds, and probably, if it's a good distressing year, who knows but the next loan I may make ten?

Bar. Loan! why would you assist England against your own country, for ten per cent.?

Bot. Certainly; why, master Baron, you seem to have no knowledge, no principle of trade about you!

Bar. Did!

—Did you never step into a counting-house on a
 post night, as Dirk Doubledown, the broker used to
 say?

S O N G.

*Oh! what a life seraphic,
 Each day engag'd in traffic!
 Seizing what we can for money lent!*

*Bargains making,
 Bargains breaking,
 And then strike a balance at cent. per cent.*

II.

*Now when the Statesman swaggers,
 While Kings are drawing daggers,
 Either side to serve we're nothing loth.
 England cheating,
 France entreating,
 Pocket then the stuff, and laugh at both.*

III.

*When dead and past all strictures,
 Who cares a rush for pictures?
 Let me have a purse, not name that's long,
 Where's the wonder,
 Smoke and donder,
 Kinkervankot/dor/praken, come along.*

[Takes the Baron under the arm, and carries him off.]

SCENE

SCENE, Cecil's Dressing-Room.

- She adjusting herself at the Glass.

Cec. I shall never get these ugly plaits out of my gown, never—that Grootrump is so careless! but then, poor creature, she has so much to do, that I can't be angry with her—My flowers too are spoil'd with lying by; and then my tucker too, so loose, and so rumpled—Oh! I shall never be fit to appear before a young officer.

Franzel without, speaking as he enters.

Pray, Ma'am, don't let us interrupt the young lady, I beg of you.

Mefrow, Entering.

Interrupt! zooterkins, I have known her ever since she was the size of a nine-pin;—why I used to bring her sweetmeats at the Convent. Why, child, here's my son say's I don't know you.

Cec. (turns round and advances) Oh! my dear Madam Boterham---how!---(*starts at seeing Franzel*)

Mef. Why, heh! what's the matter now, child? Oh! I suppose you are surpriz'd at my dress. To be sure it is not the newest, but not altogether so unfashionable! A little upon the soil or so,---but for travelling—Son, why what's the matter with you? Are you shock'd at your own mother?

Fran. Me, Madam?---No---Madam---I was---I was---

SCENE

Mef.

Mef. But Cecil---child---

Cec. Indeed, Madam, I was so surprized, and so pleased, and so rejoiced, and so happy---that---that---

Fran. Yes, Madam, you see, Madam, the young lady is so surprized, and, that---that---that---Lord---what's the mattter with me? (*Aside.*)

Mef. Zooterkins, son! you seem to have lost your senses!---Have not you heard me say a thousand times I was never surprized at any thing?---and did I not tell you the same thing, Cecil, when you were a little chit at the convent! And did not I shew you all and about it?

Cec. Oh! yes, Madam, I remember very well when you used to come and visit me in your large straw bonnet and brown jerkin, and the little girls used to look out and say, here comes great Madam Boterham with provisions for the convent.

Mef. Aye, and what a number of good things I used to say to the fat friar about fasting, ha! ha! ha!

S O N G.

I.

*My friend of St. Francis, if me you'll forgive,
I'll tell you how people in Holland all live;
We eat when we're hungry and drink when we're dry,
And that's a good thing, my fat friar, says I.*

II.

*If we've friends we are happy, content if we've none,
Glad while they are with us, and glad when they're gone;
Rejoiced while they're living, not vex'd when they die,
And that's a good thing, my fat friar, says I.*

When

III.

*When married we're frugal, and cautiously steer,
For husband and wife are inclin'd to be near;
To make both ends meet we continually try,
And that's a good thing, my fat friar, says I.*

But come, I have not seen half over the castle, nor the atticks, nor the conveniences below stairs, nor the chapel, nor the stables, nor the Baron's dressing room; and then I must look into the kitchen garden, and see after my husband, and get myself brushed up a little for supper; and so come along child, and let us see all and about it.

(Franzel takes hold of Cecil's gown as she is going out, who half turns back, on which he kneels and immediately begins the following air.)

VENETIAN BALLAD.

*Stop for a moment, charmer,
Listen and do not fear me;
No rude sigh shall alarm her,
Whose smiles alone can cheer me:
But should you frown, my fair,
I will fly to despair.*

*Turn not away, my dearest;
Must he in vain implore thee,
Who's heart is the sincerest,
That ever dar'd adore thee?
But if you frown my fair,
Life is not worth my care.*

Fran.

Fran. Forgive me, for detaining you, Madam, but an involuntary admiration obliges me to—

Cec. But, Sir, this looks so particular.—Let me follow your mother.

Fran. But one instant—you cannot deny me a moment's audience.—The loveliest of her sex, must be gentle as she is fair.—The graces of her person must be accompanied by tenderness of heart.

Cec. Ah! Sir, tenderness of heart, they say, is no excuse for impropriety of conduct, and prudence should teach us to guard against its weakness.

Fran. And can the lovely Cecil esteem it either a weakness or an impropriety, to listen to sentiments which the purest passion inspires?

Cec. Indeed, I am told, I ought not to listen too hastily to such declarations, and I would not wish to fail in my duty.

Fran. Talk not of duty, my charmer, the cold restriction of age; tho' tyrant laws may for a while strive to fetter our inclinations, the time will come, when nature shall again resume her rights, and all mankind promote the union of the heart.

En. But, Sir, we may be surprized, to let me entreat you not to detain me.

Enter Richard.

Fran. Sir, permit me to speak a word with you.

Bar. Ay, but be quick, for I am very hungry.

Fran. And my stomach is not for conversation.

Fran. But, Sir, I have something material to com-

Bar. About the supper.

F

SONG.

S O N G

A thousand reasons all conspire

To drive and hurry me away;

Let go my hand, I must retire,

I cannot, dare not stay.

Al! should my father enter now,

On your account, he'll force the sigh;

Indeed, I feel, I can't tell how,

And fear, I can't tell why.

A thousand reasons, &c. &c.

(Exit running.)

S C E N E, A Passage Room.

Enter Boterham.

Well, give me a country seat, near Amsterdam, within half a mile of a market. I have not broke my fast since dinner; and I don't see much sign of eating in this house, tho' I have looked pretty narrowly too: as our Domine used to say. But let us take a peep into the old hall.—I think I heard something like a clatter of dishes that way just now. *(Going.)*

Enter Franzel.

Fran. Sir, permit me to speak a word with you.

Bot. Ay, but be quick, son, for I am very hungry, and my stomach is not for conversation.

Fran. But, Sir, I have something material to communicate.

Boter. About the supper.

Fran.

Fran. No, sir; I have been thinking of the subject you have so often mentioned to me.

Boter. Ay---what of doffing your gew-gaws, and going into trade?

Fran. No, sir, no; you have often said, that the sooner a young man is settled, the happier he is; and indeed, sir, provided the young lady is of a good family—

Boter. A good family! a meer chip in porridge.

Fran. True, sir; but though it may not be the first requisite, yet when joined with beauty—

Boter. Pa, pa!

Franz. And good sense—

Boter. Pence, I believe you mean; yes, yes, a good deal of the pence is very necessary.

Franz. Possibly, sir, and I flatter myself you can have no objection to my being united—

Boter. United! married! why, son, you rejoice me, it's the very thing I wish'd.

Franz. Sir!

Boter. Yes, your mother and I, all the way we came, were drawing it up in our minds, as Nick the Notary used to say.

Franz. How shall I thank you sufficiently? But who—

Boter. Who? why I'll tell you. You remember old Beavers the hatter at the Hague?

Franz. Sir!

Boter. Ay, ay; and you have not forgot his little black-eyed daughter, I dare say, that you used to play with at school, you rogue? A notable girl, let me tell you!

Franz. But, sir, what then?

Boter. Why I propose offering you to her father, and trying if we can kick up a match of it, and then you may supply your whole regiment with kevenhullers.

Franz. But, sir, I beg—

Boter. Beg! so you would, if you were to keep on that damn'd laced coat. But come; have I hit the nail upon the head, heh! the little hatter's daughter, heh! you young dog, as old 'Zack the Jew used to say.

Franz. Sir, I had no such thought. My wishes are fix'd upon a lady with ten thousand times her qualifications.

Boter. Ha! what! richer?

Franz. A lady that possesses more—

Boter. Possesses more?—Aye, there's something in that.

Franz. More sense, more beauty, more worth, than half the female world united.

Boter. More worth? What then her father is in a good trade, I suppose?

Franz. Trade! I mean the lady of this castle, the Baron's daughter.

Boter. What!

Franz. Sir, I repeat it; the Baron's daughter, the lovely, innocent Cecil!

Boter. The innocent Cecil! why, you wicked dog, I hope you have not such a thought. Don't you know that the Baron is not worth a stiver? as poor as a starv'd herring---a fellow with nothing but his pedigree.

Franz. But, sir, if my mother—

Boter. Your mother! why does she know any thing? has she seen—

A COMEDY.

Enter Mefrow.

Mef. Well, now, I have seen every thing.

Boter. Have you? and do you then approve of this—

Mef. O, no; never saw any thing like it in my life!

Boter. There, son! I thought your mother could not think of such a preposterous affair.

Franz. But, sir, you mistake—my mother as yet does not comprehend.

Mef. Zooterkins, hubby! what preposterous affair are you talking about? I was speaking of the old castle here.

Boter. Pa, pa! and your son wishes to bury our money under the ruins of it. He wants to marry the Baron's daughter.

Mef. Zooterkins, yaw!

Boter. Yaw donder, yaw—

Franz. Can any thing be more natural, madam, than that I should esteem a young lady whom you have been partial to from infancy?

Mef. Why to be sure, hubb, she is a sweet chit; and if son must marry, why Cecil's a woman, and a woman's a wife---and that's all and about it.

Boter. Well, my frow, I always said you knew what's what.—(Bell rings)—Gadstedlikins, there's the supper, away with you.

Franz. Think, sir, of the happiness I shall enjoy!

Boter. (in a hurry to go) Yes, yes, the supper, the supper.

Fran. (to his mother) Pray speak a word for me.

Mef. (pulling him out) Don't you see your father is sharp set? this is not a time to soften him.



THE BARON:

Franz. (to his father) Consider, sir, my future peace.—(Bell)

Bot. Zounds! make haste, or we shan't have a piece left. [Exit.]

Franz. (to his mother) For Heaven's sake! assist me, Madam.

Mef. Very well, son; first we'll go in, and then we'll go out, and then we'll see all and about it.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE, *An old Hall.*

Variety of Pictures hung round the Room; a Table and Supper, with Wine, Glasses, &c.

Enter Baron, Hogrestan, and Cecil, at one Door, Dagan and Grootrump with Dishes at another.

Bar. Come, come; quick, quick with that supper, there; and take care you don't overset each other; but where the devil is the middle dish, heh! What! you you hav'nt forgot that, I hope?

Groot. No, Sir, no; the curate is bringing it up stairs as fast as he can.

Enter Curate, with a large Boar's Head, carrying it with difficulty.

Bar. Umph! you lazy creature, what makes you so long! you are generally forward enough when any thing is to be eat.

Cur. (setting the dish on the table) Why, what a head is this for a body to carry? I can scarce stand under it.

Bar. I wish you carried half so good a one of your own. But come, where's Mynheer Boterham, and his wife, and the officer gone to?

Hog.

Hog. To the devil, I hope! (*aside*)—O fury! here they are.

Enter Boterham, Mefrow, and Franzel.

Bar. I was afraid, Mynheer Boterham, you had forgot my supper time.

Bot. Not I, in good troth; for I have been talking off it ever since dinner, have not I, son?

Fran. Indeed, Sir, I believe it has been uppermost in your thoughts.

Bar. Come, gentlemen, let us be seated: Madam Boterham, the honour of your fair hand.

[Leads her to the table, and places her]

Hog. (*to Cecil*) Sweet creature! the felicity of yours—

Cec. (*giving her hand to Franzel.*) There's no occasion to trouble yourself, Signior.

[They all seat themselves; Hogrestan sulky sitting himself opposite.]

Hog. What cockcombs the military are now a-days!

Bar. We don't look quite so well as we shoud do; Mefrow; so I hope you will excuse appearances.

Mef. Yaw, yaw; nobody minds appearances in Holland.

Hog. I see that plain enough!

Bar. Mynheer, I know you love old cheese; there's a piece near you has been doing duty in the family for some months, and hard duty too.

Bot. Aye! yet it does not seem much the worse for it; I think I could do its business in two attacks. But,

Baron!

Baron! snick or snice! here's a head as large as the head of a man of war! What a huge thing it is!

Mef. Then let me undertake it, hubby, I can manage it, I warrant you. *(pulls the dish towards her.)*

Bar. Come, Mr. Curate, what are you about? Why don't you do the honours of my Castle, and shew the pictures while we sup?

Cur. What! before I sup myself?

Bar. The Czár of Muscovy never repeated his orders twice.

Cur. Oh! very well, better luck another time. *(getting up with his knife and fork)* There, ladies and gentlemen, you shall see the potrait of Charles, surnamed the Black, from his bushy beard. One that would cut up whole nations while other people were eating their supper. A powerful man in his day, and a great favourite with the ladies.

Hog. *(surlily, looking at Franzel)* There's no great merit in that; the ladies favourites have often little to recommend them.

Cur. There you see the Baronefs Buckskinsbone, a famous huntress; and there's the portrait of the old Duke of Whartenwicker, who was hang'd.

Bar. How!

Cur. I mean who hang'd his confessor for telling secrets. A poor priest who had not a cross to bless himself with, a merry dog tho', and laugh'd at every thing.

Mef. Why that Curate seems a pretty jolly kind of fellow; he wou'd make his fortune at one of our fairs.

Bar. Ah! he's as sleepy as an old cat.

Beta

Bot. I think you treat him more like a dog.

Bar. And a sad dog he is—but, come, here's my old toast, (fill a bumper) I always drink it with my daughter. "Here's the antient gentlemen over the chimney, at the bottom of the tree, the great root of our family, Baron Hockinbergerbanderboskibus."

Bot. Boskibus! Gadstedlikins! what a name!—I like a shorter toast, for my part, heh! Mynheer Högrestan, what say you?

Hog. (looking at the lovers, who are engaged) Umph! I like nothing.

Cur. And I should like something—I believe I may sit down to supper again now, eh, Baron?

Bot. Ay, do my little curate, let's be merry.—Come, Baron, if you please, I'll give you a song in our way—a great favourite at the Stock-fish club; and very melodious; but you must all assist me to make a noise.

Cur. Yes, we'll all assist, and make noise enough.

Bar. I wish you wou'd desist, and be silent. King Stanislaus never permitted his vassals to speak—

Cur. But, I suppose he permitted them to eat, tho'.

Bar. Now, Mynheer, your song, and then to bed.

S O N G.

*Some men women, some men wine,
 Some men wit bewilders;
 Nothing can make me repine,
 So I have stonè of guilders.
 Silvertie, guildertie, money galore, ducats, doubloons, and
 guilders.*

Chorus. Silvertie, guildertie, &c.

*Some love brandy, some love rum,
 Some Batavi! arrack-o!
 Let me have, where'er I come,
 Pipes and good tobacco.
 Smokertie, jokertie, all in a cloud, liquor, and good
 tobacco.*

Smokertie, jokertie, &c.

*Some folks fight us, some folks sold,
 What care I for such men?
 Whether we are bought or sold,
 It's all alike to Dutchmen.*

*Pocketie, knocketie, all the same thing, nothing's amiss
 to Dutchmen.*

Pocketie, knocketie, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

A COMEDY.

SCENE, *A Passage.*

Enter Dagrán with a Night Gown, Fur Cap, Boot-jack, &c. Hogrestan following, and musing.

Hog. For the rest, I am determined—

Dag. Yes, your Honour, now for rest after the fatigues of the day. Your things are all ready, and you may go to bed immediately.

Hog. (musing) But what boots it to think—

Dag. Wou'd your Honour chuse your boots off here, or step into your own room?

Hog. I shall not chuse them off at all.

Dag. Why sure you can't mean to take them to bed with you, as you used to do in the campaign?

Hog. To bed, Dagrán—I may possibly never go there again.

Dag. Heav'n forbid, your Honour, you may as well be bedridden all the rest of your life.

Hog. Thou know'st how easily I take offence?

Dag. Perfectly, your Honour.

Hog. And thou rememberest how severely I handled a certain cavalier's nose, who once look'd oddly at me?

Dag. Yes, because he had the misfortune to squint.

Hog. None of thy jokes, good Dagrán—What then must I feel, when I have the misfortune not to be look'd at at all?—to have my passion nipt in the very bud—to be hurt in the tenderest part?

Dag. What in your Honour's wound here? (*pointing to his side*).

Hog. (*putting his hand to his heart*) No! here! here! here!—but I have a remedy in my pocket. (*Pulling out a long pistol*)

Dag. A very desperate one, indeed.

Hog. And that audacious modern sprig, who offended my fight all supper time, shall give me satisfaction.

Dag. He seems to have given too much satisfaction already.

Hog. His joy shall be short-lived, for thou shalt instantly summon him to meet me this night.

Dag. And fight across a lanthorn.

Hog. No; hold—to-morrow will do; mean time I'll take a cool walk in the garden, and practise my aim by moon-light. [*Exit.*]

Dag. Ah! then I shall miss my aim with poor Grootrump. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *An old Gallery hung with Pictures—An Iron Sconce hanging in the Middle, with one Candle. A large Press at the further End.—Several Chamber Doors that open into it.*

Enter Baron, Cecil, and Curate with two Candles.

Bar. Well, child, you have had trouble enough with this Dutchman and his coxcomical son—you may retire to your chamber.

Cec.

A COMEDY.

Cec. (comes forward to her Apartment near the front of the stage.) Ah! I know not how it is, I never felt myself less inclin'd to sleep in my life. (Goes into her room.)

Bar. Now, master Curate, you may go to bed, tho' you have been asleep all day long.

Cur. Pray, Baron, what bed am I to lie in? has not the young officer got mine?

Bar. What then? here's the key of the old clothes press; tuck yourself up there, among the garments of my ancestors.

Cur. (going, and opening the folding doors.) Lord have mercy! one might as well be tucked up in reality.

Bar. Come, no muttering; did not my own god-father, the Bishop of Gottingen, sleep in a stable by choice? [Exit.

Cur. Aye! he was a Bishop; no wonder he was fond of a stall; but as I am only a poor curate, why I shou'd be content with a bedchamber and a candle? Well, now to get up a little in the world, (gets into the clothes press)—A snug situation this—some of my brethern, indeed, are never content (adjusting himself in the old cloaths)—Well, plague on all the ambitious say I, —I wish---aye---I wish 'em a good night! (shuts the door).

Enter Franzel, his Dress a little disordered.

Fran. Bless me! how dismal is this old castle, especially to a mind disturbed; and every thing so dark, I shall scarce be able to find my own apartment!—

Hah ! what piece of antique furniture is this ? (*feeling the press*)---aye, some repository, I suppose, where the Baron locks up the family incumbrances---well, let it rest ! and now for my own repose, if my anxious heart will permit me to enjoy any.---Aye, this is my father's room, this the Baron's ; and this, this must be the chamber which I was told they had allotted for me.

[Enters Cecil's chamber.]

Bar. What then? here's the key of the old clothes
 press; look you'll find up there, among the garments of
 my ancestors.

have mercy! one might as well be tucked up in re-

Bar. Come, no murthering; did not my own good
father the Bishop of Gottingen sleep in a stable by
choice?

END OF THE SECOND ACT.
4. AP 54

It is not possible to find my own apartment—
 especially to a mind disturbed, and every thing is dark.
 Even, I think not, how dismal is this old cathedral.
 Enter Franzel, his Dog & little children.

A C T III.

SCENE, *An old Garden, with a Moat and a View of the Castle, with Miss Cecil's Chamber Window. — Hogrestan and Dagran watching under it.*

Hogrestan.

I Could look at that window all day long.

Dag. Why we have look'd at it all night.

Hog. Ah, Dagran! that is the chamber of the lovely Cecil. Sweet maid! how gentle are her manners, how innocent are her employments!

Dag. To be sure, your honour, she is fast asleep.

Hog. True! in all probability she is now lost in the sweet arms of repose.

Dag. And here stand we broad awake, and half starved to death.

Hog. Or possibly, Dagran, not inclined to rest, she is now turning over some new page, gaining fresh instruction and receiving new light.

Dag. Why, your honour, there seems to have been a light in the room some time—*(the candle is seen to move)*—and now it shifts.

Hog. Ha! what say'st thou? Ay, my sweet Cecil is rising, I suppose to her morning's devotion.

Dag. She is a good creature—*(starts)*—Lord bless us!

Hog.

Hog. Ha! why, what—wh—wh—what's the matter?

Dag. As I'm a Christian, your honour, there's a man in Miss Cecil's chamber. A

Hog. (*seizing him by the collar*) Why rascal! villain! scoundrel!

(*Window opens; Franzel looks out, and closes it again.*)

Dag. There he is before your very eyes.

Hog. Heavens!

Dag. Thank heaven, I'm as happy as a prince.

Hog. At what?

Dag. That your honour will believe me another time.

Hog. (*walking about*) A man in Miss Cecil's chamber!—do I live? am I awake? do I see?

Enter Curate—they run against each other.

Cur. No, if you did you would not run against me.

Dag. Why, your honour, we are attack'd on all sides.

Hog. Such a misfortune, such an unlook'd-for disgrace!

Cur. Psha! Monsieur Hogrestan, don't take it so much to heart; you ran against me, I ran against you, and the thing was an accident, and it's all for the best.

Hog. (*still walking about*) And then to pass the night in so envied a situation!

Cur. What if?

Hog. He must certainly have spent the whole of it in Miss Cecil's apartment,

Cur.

Cur. Heaven bless you! I spent it in the old clothes press.

Hog. (to *Dagran*.) It must have been the young officer, *Dagran*, that we saw looking out of Miss Cecil's window.

Dag. Yes, your honour; I dare say it was not an old one.

Hog. Come then, march, we must prepare for the attack, and summon the garrison to surrender. [Exit.]

Dag. Certainly—oh we may leave the enemy in possession. [Exit.]

Cur. (alone.) The young officer peeping out of Miss Cecil's window!—so, so—but it's all for the best. [Exit.]

SCENE, A Breakfast Room.

Enter Botcham and Mesfrow.

Bot. Well, my frow, you know I told you last night you would have things your own way.

Mesf. And ar'n't they always best? So what signifies talking? Let us tell the Baron of it at once, and son shall take Cecil along with him to Amsterdam, and do every thing the same as we do.

Bot. Why to be sure, Deartche, tho' it's a great deal of money to throw away upon this old castle; and then to give up the little hatter, for a poor fellow worth nothing but his pictures—but—

Enter Baron.

Mesf. Lord, Baron, my husband was just talking of you.

H

Bar.

Bar. Mynheer Boterham, I thank you; you are always thinking of your friends.

Boter. So I was, Baron—so I was, and I'll give you a proof of it—for I've an intention of granting you a great favour.

Mef. Stop, hubby! let me grant it him—So, Baron, you must know we have an idea—

Boter. But, Deartchre, the Baron will be sensible of the favour, without being so particular—to be sure, giving up the little hatter at the Hague is a goodly sacrifice, as Thrum the Parson used to say.

Mef. For a few old pictures and a tumble-down castle—but I hate mentioning obligations.

Boter. And then the reversion of his cousin, Old Pledge, the pawnbroker's goods at Rotterdam, all lost, perhaps, for a miserable barony.

Bar. I confess, Mynheer Boterham, I don't comprehend the force of what you are talking about.

Mef. Lord, Baron, how should you? for we have not yet named the favour we intend you; but hubby will inform you how and about it.

Boter. Why then to tell you the truth, Baron, my son has conceived a disagreeable kind of affection for your daughter.

Bar. How!

Boter. Yes, Baron, I see you are overjoyed, and therefore, in one word, as my wife desires it, and my son wishes it, I have given my consent; and they shall be married at sight, without any grace.

Bar. Married! what, your son, Mynheer Boterham, marry my daughter!

Bot. Ay, and very thankful, I dare say you are, and

to be sure you ought to be—Why do you know I have given up the Prince of Orange's hatter at the Hague, and his only child; a tight little wench, with a good stock of—

Bar. Assurance, I think! a hatter at the Hague!—Have you forgot you are now addressing yourself to the head of the Kinkervankotfdotprakingatchdarns family?

Boter. And the sooner they change that damnd name the better. But pray what is your reason for hesitating?

Bar. Reason! reason! heavens! five thousand!—there, Mynheer—there, Mesfrow, (*showing pictures*) the plainest in the world.

Mef. Yes, provided the dust was rubbed off them.

Boter. What, Baron, would you keep your daughter single for a parcel of old pictures, fit for nothing but to throw into a bonfire, to rejoice with for having got rid of them?

Bar. Zounds, I—but hold—my great uncle, the Duke of Wolfenbuttle, used to say, the rights of hospitality protect even impertinence.

Boter. And my cousin Scrip, the attorney, used to reply, it would be better if every body paid their debts.

Bar. Low insinuation! I have only to beg you will instantly leave my castle.

Mef. For fear it should fall about our ears.

Enter Franzel and Cecil.

Oh, son, you are just come in time to be going.

Bar. The insufferable insults of low-bred people!

H 2

Boter.

Boss. The pride of some folks, not worth a doitz, without capital enough even to set up for a beggar! and a *Franz* (to his father, who is going.) Think, sir, how my heart is torn!

Boss. Away to Holland; there you'll have no occasion for any heart at all. won. [*Exit Boss and Franz.*]

Cecil. Zooterkin, I'm in such a fidget! Bye, Cecil. Well, I always thought your great German folks had little to boast of. Give me a Dutch bottom after all. [*Exit.*]

Cecil. (to Mesfrow, following) But madam—madam *Botenham*—

Bar. (running after her.) Hold, child! what are you about?—Your maiden aunt, Dorothea—

Cec. But politeness, sir, affection—

Bar. I say she had neither—She knew how to comport herself properly, and died in a respectable state of virginity, rather than contaminate the honour of her house by marrying a—But come, madam, to the tower-room; let us try whether a little confinement will not cool your courage—Fifty years ago your aunt Barbara was shut up in the same apartment. So away, and suffer and repent as your ancestors have done before you. [*Exit Cecil.*]

Heralds and Cap of Maintenance. I will support every syllable of my name, or die in pronouncing it.

S O N G.

Shall lineage, older than the Flood,

On dunghill Dutchman fix?

Shall high descent, and German blood,

With gin and butter mix?

Shall

Shall Holstenhausen, honour'd name

Shall Womburg, Schomberg, lose their fame,

In Vanders and Mynheers?

Reverend

Let down

What matters whence my birth I draw

What boots it that the great Nassau

Is link'd among my peers?

When Nature's systems alter'd are,

When Princes herd with swine,

The Hogen-Mogens then may dare

To blend their arms with mine.

Enter Hogrestan and Curate,

Cur. Baron, Baron! they are just set off.

Bar. I know it.

Hog. O, Baron, such a story!

Bar. Zounds! I know it.

Hog. What, though transacted in her own apart-

mental?

Cur. (grinning) Hob, hob!

Bar. Ha!

Hog. That the angelic Cecil should be prevailed on to consent!

Bar. How! my daughter prevailed on to do what? I hope—

Cur. Ay, but it's too late.

Hog. That, forgetting the antiquity of her family, she should descend to a low plebeian.

Bar. Ah! I see it all—I feel my disgrace—Un-

worthy

14 THE BARON:

worthy girl, to sink herself to a union with a base-born Dutchman! A private marriage too!

Cur. 'I wish it was; he! he! he! for then I should have had a finger in the pye. [*Aside.*

Hog. Do not deceive yourself, Baron—but know that, without that title, the young officer who is just gone, passed the whole of last night in your daughter's apartment.

Bar. (*laying his hand on Hogrestan's shoulder*) Umph! not married then!

Cur. No.

Bar. No!

Hog. No.

Bar. Signior Hogrestan, I thank you. When my great grandmother, Dinah of Castile, gave the Count O'Richter a slap on the face at the court of Brunswick, the Count turned about and said, Madam, I am glad it's no worse. [*Exit, leaning on Hogrestan.*

Cur. Ho, ho! "I'm glad it's no worse!"—Ecod I find this business then is really all for the best. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *The Baron's Gallery, with only one Window, and all hung round with Pictures.*

Cecil. (*coming forward with a letter she has just written*) What, shall a ridiculous pride of family force us to forego every natural affection? No. If I can but convey this letter to Franzel, he shall still find I am his only—But hold! am I not passing the bounds which form has prescribed to our sex?—Ah Love, 'tis you who must blot out the errors you occasion, and forgive the confidence you inspire.

SONG.

SONG.

Come, fierce invader, parent of anguish,
Let not thy victim unheeded languish;
Banish despair, health's roses consuming,
And in my bosom plant hope ever blooming;
Bid expectation chase all past sorrow,
Sooth the sad present, and whisper to-morrow.

Enter Curate, with a faggot under his arm.

Cur. I beg pardon, madam Cecil; but just took the liberty of seeing whether you wanted any fire. —

Ha! ha! ha!

Cec. Curate, will you do me a favour?

Cur. Lord bless me! — I — *(aside)* — To be sure, miss, any thing in my power.

Cec. 'Twill give me the most unspeakable satisfaction.

Cur. Ha! will it? You may depend upon me, miss — I may as well lay down my sticks. *(Aside)* Well, miss! *(rubbing his hands)*

Cec. You know how violent my father is.

Cur. Don't mind him; he'll never find us out, I assure you.

Cec. True, if you're cautious, he cannot discover it; at least till it is too late.

Cur. Oh, Miss, you may rely upon me.

Cec. Then do me the favour of carrying this letter to Mr. Franzel.

Cur.

Cur. Bless us!—I thought—but it's well it's no worse!

Cec. You will find him at the inn, I dare say; or somewhere hereabouts—tell him not to fall being at the place I have appointed.

Cur. Lord, Miss! I can deny you nothing! so you shall see how well I'll execute the business—there—there—snug's the word, (*putting the letter into his pocket*) I think the old Baron won't easily find this out—he! he! he!—Nor my great grandmother, Dinah of Castile, neither!—he! he! he!

Enter the Baron behind, slaps the Curate on the Shoulder.

Bar. Dinah of Castile!—Why what's that you were cramming into your pocket so hastily?

Cur. Nothing, Baron!—no—no—thing, I assure you!

Bar. Remember who I am!—and speak the truth.

Cec. Indeed the Curate was only going—that is coming to—

Bar. Hold your tongue, Cecil!—I am now convinc'd there is mischief hatching against the honour of my family! and have you the confidence to be treasonable and rebellious in my own house? Do you want to seduce my daughter?

Cur. I seduce her!—Lord, Baron! I am as innocent as—

Bar. Don't insult me with innocence—but if you expect my countenance—

Cur. Countenance!

Bar.

Cur. And you promise a good living, do you?

Cur. Really! Will you promise a—

Cur. Dear Miss, I feel myself a going—well then,
as you have promis'd, th—th—th—there—is the letter,
and I hope—

Cur. Out of your house! where's the bishop-
rick?

Cur. But, your promise—

Bar. My denial !

Cur. A good living!

Bar. A good beating!—zounds! get out of my
house! you shall have no living here.

Cur. That I see plain enough—stay and starve—
budge and be merry—so it's all for the best.

Cec. (with warmth) But, Sir, allow me to say—

Bar. I'll not allow you to say any thing!—do but look at the faces of your venerable family! they never--

look at the faces of your neighbors. You had better get your hands off the wheel. Enter

Enter Hogreftan.

Hog. Well, Baron! so you have turn'd the curate out of doors? I am glad of it; and Miss, too, I see, begins to be sensible of the impropriety of her choice.

Cec. How!

Bar. Aye!—had she indeed, like one of her great grandmothers, who was lineally descended from the Ap-Goats, the most numerous family in all Wales, fixed her affections on a gentleman with some fifty quarterings in his arms, I would have forgiven his poverty.

Hog. Or allowing that the gentleman had been somewhat advanced in life.

Bar. Aye, if he had been an hundred.

Cec. (*aside*) Heavens!

Hog. Or that his person had not been so favourable.

Bar. I could have forgiven her on that point, had it been yourself, Signior Hogreftan!

Hog. (*astonished*) Baron, you rejoice me!—and I am the more happy at the event, as it emboldens me to say, that I have long entertained a secret passion for Madam Cecil!

Cec. I beg, Sir, that it may be mentioned no more.

Bar. And I beg that it may!—Signior Hogreftan, give me your hand; you shall marry Cecil this afternoon; I'll shew her that I at least can behave like an affectionate parent.

Hog. Say no more, Baron; I think not of what has happened in this family;—I wish now, I had not call'd

call'd out that base-born officer, as I must spill his blood!

Bar. His blood! trust me, Signior, 'twould but fully your sword.

Hog. But my courage—

Bar. Don't think of it.

Hog. My character!

Bar. Not worth notice.

Hog. My delicacy!

Bar. You shock me to hear you talk so.

Hog. He may presume—

Bar. He! Charles the Fifth to a chimney sweeper!—but that ungracious slut! I'll never forgive her. (*looking at his daughter.*)

Hog. Pray, Baron, spare your daughter, as we are to be united.

Bar. Come then, we'll leave her to prepare herself, for she shall be made happy, tho' it's ever so little.

[*Exeunt locking the door.*]

Cec. To what a situation am I reduced! Unkind ancestors as you are, to you it is owing that the last of your descendants is thus wretched. [*Retires to the back of the stage, and sitting down on an old pair of steps placed for the purpose of cleaning the pictures.*—But, let me consider for a moment, and try if I cannot yet devise some method of extricating myself from this horrid abode. (*Musing*)—I have it! Exalted worthies, grandams, great-grandams, aunts, and cousins, you shall for once descend from your high stations to assist my humble views.—Come, my prim old lady, for the first time, be engaged in a love affair; and you, my dear cardinal, be so kind as to

conceal her blushes; (*throws it on the other pictures*)
down with you, priests, generals, and counsellors; lay
all your heads together for my sake; no quarrelling about
precedence now, for I'll adjust the ceremonials.—
Come along—the quicker the better.

[*Scene closes while she is piling the pictures.*]

SCENE, A Wood.

Enter Curate, with a Bundle of Clothes on his Back.

He throws them down on his coming on the Stage.

Cur. Well, here am I! as fatigued as if I had still
got the Old Baron upon my back, tho' thank heaven I
am now somewhat lighter; (*sitting down on a bundle*)
Ah! service is no inheritance, that's certain, a gentle-
man may moil, and rub about, kill pigs, and clean
knives, and lay table cloths, and brush clothes, and
nobody think a bit the better of him for it—no—no.
—I'll give up this way of living industrious—
I'll get into a good curacy of twenty pounds a year,
with some little duty at three or four parishes, and be
as idle as the fattest of them all.

Enter Franzel.

Fran. My dear friend, I rejoice to see you.

Cur. And my dear enemy, I thank you.

Fran. Pray, Curate, how have I deserv'd that ap-
pellation?

Cur. Because—because—I am much obliged to you
without your knowing it—in short, you have turn'd me
out of the Baron's service, and have made me a gentle-
man at large.

Fran.

Fran. Explain yourself.

Cur. Why then, in plain language, young Sir, I was got into Madam Cecil's apartment, and the Baron came in suddenly, and caught me in the very fact.

Fran. What!

Cur. Of bringing you a letter from her.

Fran. S'blood! then why don't you give it me instantly? I am distracted with expectation.

Cur. Give it you!—because—the truth is—that said letter is in the Baron's coat pocket.

Fran. Heavens! am I then to be continually disappointed, and to have my hopes raised only to fall the lower!

Cur. Come, come; don't take it so to heart; I believe I can recollect some part of the letter—let's see—(repeating)—“Father's cruelty,”—ay, that's true enough—“pride of family,”—ay, the old story—“escape.”

Fran. Escape!—how!—where—when!

Cur. Why, I believe she said, that if you could contrive to wait under the Tower window—

Fran. The Tower window! why that's the very place I am going to meet Hogrestan, by his own appointment.

Cur. Is it so? then you may kill two birds with one stone.

Fran. I'll fly to preserve one of them; so, Curate, I wish you a good morning.

Cur. Is that all? As short as one of my own sermons; but heark'ye, Mr. Scapegrace, a word with you, if you please.

Fran.

Fran. Any other time, my good friend, but at present I am so press'd——

Cur. You are going upon an errand where a gentleman of my coat may be of service; in your present expedition, I take it, you'll either get married, or run thro' the body; no matter which, as I can be useful to you in both calamities.

Fran. Ay, you're a wag; but marry or bury, there's nothing like carrying a pleasant countenance; so come along, Master Curate.

Cur. Tie up, or cover up, it's all for the best.

Exeunt.

SCENE, *The Baron's Gallery, with the Pictures taken down, and piled in a Heap under the Window; Cecil out of the Window.*

Cec. Well, thank Heaven, and my kind aunts and uncles, I am now got to the top of my wishes; how charming is the return of liberty to the captive! then let me not lose a moment; good bye to you, my noble ancestors; but I will not be ungrateful, 'tis to you I owe my hopes of future happiness, and my boast henceforth shall be to have sprung from you. [*Disappears.*]

Baron, unlocking the Door.

Bar. Sure, I heard some noise here!—hey day! what the devil's all this?—why, daughter—Cecil!—child, where are you?—my pictures too—all turn'd topsy-turvy—no order—no precedence, and here's my great,

great, great grandmother Gertrude upon the ground, and in what a condition! The window open---oh, I see it all; Cecil has had the audacity to trample upon her ancestors, and fly from them without any remorse. Oh! my pictures, my daughter, my pictures!--oh! oh! (*Runs about the stage with the picture in his hand.*)

Enter Hogrestan, with sword drawn, Dagan following.

Hog. O Baron, Baron!--I have seen the whole.

Dag. And I the half.

Hog. (*pointing to his sword*) My rival has escaped me! So, Baron, here it is, unfulfilled and without a flaw.

Bar. (*pointing to the picture*) Without a flaw! What d'ye call this--is this a proper condition for a lady?

Dag. We have just left another in a worse.

Hog. Ay, Baron, what signifies looking at one old picture out of its place--

Dag. (*turning about*) When one may look at a hundred in the same situation.

Hog. (*seeing the pile*) Love and madness--that I should be just in time to see her run away!

Bar. And that I should be just too late to prevent it!

Dag. And that I should be betwixt both, and able to do nothing!

Hog. Perdition! but, Baron, let us not waste time--she cannot have escaped long. Let us pursue her.

Hog. True! let us follow immediately, and snatch her, if possible, from love and destruction. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE

SCENE, The Road.

Enter Curate, running across the stage.

Curate. Oh, how lightly one treads in pursuing a good action, especially when one does it out of spite! To be sure, the Baron will be so angry with me—but then who cares for it?—"I have married your daughter to Capt. Franzel," says I. You wretch, says he, how durst you presume to ally my undutiful daughter with that dog! "Lord! Baron," says I, "it's because 'tis my duty to do it." To have the assurance, says he, to put a stop to the honor of my family! "Why," says I, "it is the only way to increase it." Then, says he again, my uncle, the Duke of Hogstye—my aunt Flabigastiberg—my great grandfather—"And now," says I, "you'll be a grandfather yourself"—Zounds! you dog, I'll break every bone in your skin. "Heytitity," says I,—Oh no! I could never say any thing to that in my life.—After all, what have I lost by quitting the Baron? Some excellent abusive words, intermixed with a few blows; a charming plenty of work, and a good scarcity of meat; various opportunities of activity in the day-time, and a night's rest in an old clothes press.

SONG.

A COMEDY.

83

SONG.

*When I think
 What meat and drink,
 Store of labour and little chink,
 Combing wigs,
 Killing pigs,
 Fretting here,
 Sweating there,
 Up in the garret, without any bed,
 Down in the kitchen, without any bread,
 Happy to be
 From bondage free,
 I whip out my bottle and merrily quaff;
 Roar and quaff,
 And titter and laugh.
 But when sorrow
 Bids good morrow,
 Naught to lend, and nothing to borrow,
 Out of heart, and out of place,
 All my chattels before my face;
 When my bundle
 Thus I trundle,
 No shelter nigh,
 But clouds and sky,
 I pocket my bottle and sadly sigh,
 Sob and sigh,
 And snivel and cry.
 Then again, when aching bones
 Put me in mind of former groans;*

K

When

*When I think of the blows I have borne so oft,
Kick'd into the cellar, quite down from the loft,*

The loss of my place

Is no such disgrace ;

So I'll strive to sleep,

And my cares beguile ;

For my poverty weep,

For my consequence smile ;

Work no more,

But sleep and snore,

'Till tickled with fancy, up I prance ;

I kick my heels, and take a dance ;

One, two, three,

Tol lol der lol de ;

Quaff and dance,

Roar and prance,

Dance and prance, not sob and sigh ;

Roar and quaff, not snivel and cry ;

Not bawl and blubber, but sing and quaff ;

Not snivel, but titter, and dance, and laugh.

Fal de rol, &c.

[Exit.

SCENE *the Last, a beautiful Meadow, Church at a Distance.*

Franzel leading Cecil down the Stage.

Franz. Well, my charming Cecil, thanks to your love and resolution, we are now beyond the reach of disappointment; even your father's resentment will respect the sacred rites that unite us.

Cec. Indeed, my Franzel, I am certain I shall never have the courage to meet his anger---that devoted attachment to family—

Franz. Family! my angel; believe me, there is no
one

one respects illustrious lineage or the just pride of family more than I do; but when it only makes the possessors ridiculously vain, or induces them to tyrannize over the feelings of others, then am I the first to oppose its influence, and resist its encroachments.

Cec. Ah, my loved Franzel, from what principle is it that every thing you say carries irresistible conviction?

Franz. It is because I can have no interest to deceive the person whom I adore; and that love speaks the pure language of the heart.

Enter Curate, hastily.

Franz. Well, my dear friend, what says—

Cur. (out of breath) Poh, pooh! pooh! Lord, what a deal of duty do some folks perform!

Franz. But, my dear friend, where are my father and my mother?

Cur. Pooh!—well, some gentlemen are used like post-horses, I say—pooh!

Cec. But, my dear Curate, do tell us what do they say?

Cur. O Lord, I am so out of breath, that I can say nothing.

Enter Mefrow, Boterham following.

Mef. Come along, hubby—where are the children? Well, Franzel—So, Cecil—What, it's all over, is it, and the thing is finish'd, hey?

Franz. Madam, let me present to you the most charming of her sex. Will you, sir, give me your blessing?

[*Kneels.*

Boter. Give! all in good time—but come, get up; there's no occasion to be upon your knees, as I used to say to my old Flanders mare.

Mef. Well, Cecil, as you are married, mind and behave well, and take care of your house, and look after your servants, and be a good wife, and move about, d'ye see, and manage your family, and love hubby, and I, and be a dutiful daughter, and then a fig for your father.

Boter. Aye, a fig for him, indeed. Well, I can't say but I'm rather happy at this event, because he'll be so wretched. What's one man's gain is another man's loss, as Blink Balance used to say.

Enter Hogreftan, (endeavouring to keep the Baron back)

Dagran following.

Hog. Pray, Baron, keep the line of march; the enemy may surprize us.

Bar. Zounds! let me come forward; I say I will get at her.

Dag. Ah! he has broke through the ranks, and thrown the whole army into disorder.

Bar. (advancing, haughtily) My absolute orders are, that you instantly return to your father. *(Going to seize her.)*

Franz. Hold, sir, I must inform you, that I claim a dearer title over this lady, that of husband.

Bar. Impossible!

Hog. Impudent!

Dag. Infamous!

Cur. Aye, but it's true, for I did it myself.

Bar. Thou diabolical fellow! By the arms of my family!

ly! And have you had the assurance? And thou most degenerate offspring! I cou'd easily have forgiven the first error you had fallen into—but to marry her never was our illustrious family in such a humiliating situation! But I must keep up the dignity of my name, Signior Hogrefstan, you have lost a wife—but no matter.—

Dag. No, it is no great matter to my master.

Bar. Psha! Signor Hogrefstan, (*pushing him out*) look not at her; think no more of the living, the dead only are respectable. (*Exit with Hogrefstan and Dagran.*)

Mef. Come, let us away to Holland. That's the place for dispatch; so let's lose no time. But hey for our own country, and we'll take little Japan black along with us. (*To the Curate.*)

Boter. True, Frow, and he shall white-wash us the rest of our days.

Curate. Ay, black or white, it's all the same to me.

Cecil. Hold, dear Madam Boterham; let me first pacify my father.

Boter. Pacify! whey and butter-milk, what signifies pacifying people, when there's nothing to be got by it?

Enter Serjeant, and whispers Franzel.

Franz. Recruits at the Eagle?

Mef. Psha! my son can't think of recruits now; he has other duty to do.

Boter. Gadstedlikins, so he has, and enough too; but come, son, we'll endeavour to get you leave of absence from this damn'd piping and drumming, and then away for Holland. He! Cecil, that's the country for business of all sorts, as my wife says.

Curate.

Curate. Ay, then I may chance to be doing—
But here are all the villagers coming to help to celebrate the nuptials: so let's sing and be merry, and stir about as much as we can; for in all weddings that's the way to be happy.

VAUDERVILLE.

Cur. Then hey for a wedding, my lads and my lasses,
Be merry and cheery, and make a great rout;
Shake hands with old Time as he jollily passes,
And thump it, and bump it, and jump it about;
No pride shall perplex us, no care shall annoy,
In spite of the Baron contented we'll be,
And ev'ry condition shall freely enjoy
The comforts that spring from the family tree.
Chorus repeated.

Fran. Love to pride shall not surrender,
Youth does softer joys expect;
Nature, of her children tender,
Will their dearest rights protect.

Cec. Happy the fair whom Love rewards
With Hymen's choice and willing hand.

Fran. When beauty decks,

Cec. When honour guards,

Both. When fond affection links the band.

A COMEDY.

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Myn. *Well, dear :*

Mef. *Well, Hubb, what say you now ;
Is it niet good ?*

Myn. *Yaw well, my frow.*

Mef. *Something I knew they would be at.*

Myn. *I always said you knew what's what.*

Bot. *Then thump it, and bump it, and jump it about,
And heartily let us in wishes agree,
That all our kind patrons, within and without,
May join to encourage the family tree.*

CHORUS.
*Then thump it, and bump it, and jump it about,
And heartily let us in wishes agree,
That all our kind patrons, within and without,
May join to encourage the family tree.*

THE END.

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